Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

Mrs. Culbertson continues the presentation of the new Culbertson point-count method.

THE LOGICAL LEAD

Perhaps the best commentary on opening leads is this: there are unquestionably thousands of players in these United States who can play or defend hands beautifully, even to the execution or avoidance of squeeze plays and the like, but there are probably only a few dozen players who can and do produce "killing" opening leads with any regularity.

And yet, the selection of the killing lead is often a matter of pure logic. Keen interpretation of the bids and passes made around the table, coupled with equally keen imagination of the course which the play will probably take, can produce excellent results.

As a self-test—suppose the bidding (with only North-South vulnerable) has gone:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	2 ♣	Dble.	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	3 N T	Pass
4 ♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

You are West, and hold:

♠ 8 5
♥ Q 10 3
♦ K J 9
♣ A Q 10 8 7

What opening lead do you make? It might be profitable to give the matter some thought before reading further or even glancing at the diagram below. The actual West had no more information than you have, yet he unerringly chose the one card which could upset the contract. This was the deal:

North: ♠ 4 2 ♥ K 9 7 6 ♦ Q 8 2 ♣ K J 9 5

West: ♠ 8 5 ♥ Q 10 3 ♦ K J 9 ♣ A Q 10 8 7

East: ♠ Q 10 7 ♥ 4 2 ♦ A 5 4 3 ♣ 6 4 3 2

South: ♠ A K J 9 6 3 ♥ A J 8 5 ♦ 10 7 6 ♣ —

You may not approve each and every call made by the parties concerned, but the four players were well-known experts, so it can be assumed that the bidding was reasonably expressive. Of course you have decided on your lead?

West, after due consideration, led the jack of diamonds, and that was the only card that could bring his side four tricks, whether or not declarer covered with dummy's queen. Moreover, it was a thoroughly logical selection. The lead of a spade, a trump or a club was ruled out by the bidding or by

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A RUDE AWAKENING

Why is it darkness doubles fright,
And nameless terror walks at night?

—Old Mother Nature.

* * *

A tired, frightened little Fox lay curled up under a bush far up in the Old Pasture. It was Little Too-Smart, one of the five children of Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy. He was the smartest of the five. There was no doubt of that. But he had been too smart for his own good. He had disobeyed father and mother, and gone hunting alone, sure that he could take care of himself. Now he was lost. He wanted to go back home, but couldn't for he didn't know the way. You see the Old Pasture is full of little paths winding and twisting among the bushes, and crossing and re-crossing each other. Really, he had been lost almost as soon as he left home, but he didn't know it.

Frightened as he was he went to sleep. You see, he was very, very tired, for he had run and run along this little path and that little path, and many other little paths. His small legs ached. His little black feet were beginning to be sore. He just had to curl up and rest. It was late afternoon. He was so tired that he slept until after jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills, and the Black Shadows had crept out over the Old Pasture, and down across the Green Meadows clear to the Green Forest. It was a good thing that he slept for had he been awake all that time, he would have been shaking and shivering with fear, and might have even started on again trying to find his lost home.

Little Too-Smart was rudely awakened by a startling sound close at hand. It was a loud thump on the ground. Little Too-Smart's eyes flew open. It was dark. He could see things only dimly. The darkness itself didn't frighten him, for all his short life he had been used to the darkness of the snug bedroom deep down in the ground where he had been born. Down there there had been nothing but darkness. Now, while there was darkness, things could be seen dimly, but only dimly. It was almost impossible to see just

Who could this dreadful stranger he saw but dimly be?

what they were. They took strange shapes. Just as his eyes opened there was a sudden thump. He was sure it was close to him. He was too frightened to move. What could have made that noise? He had never heard anything like it before. It must be something dreadful! He shivered and shook. He wanted to run, but he couldn't. Anyway, there was nowhere to run to. He might run right into danger instead of away from it.

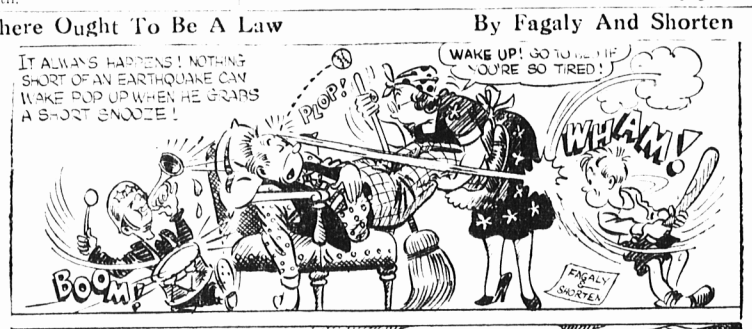
What was that? The sound came from the old cow path beside which that bush grew. It wasn't loud. It was more of a rustle than anything else, but it meant that there was someone in the old path. Wide-eyed, Little Too-Smart peered into the darkness. Presently he saw dimly what seemed like a moving black shadow. To his frightened eyes, it looked tremendous. It was coming along that path, and would pass close to that bush under which he lay.

Nearer it came, and nearer. Little Too-Smart held his breath. What was going to happen to

Continued on page 14

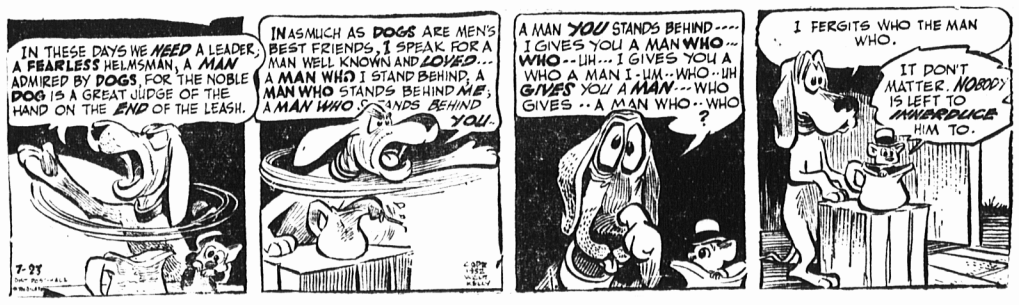
There Ought To Be A Law

By Fagaly And Shorten



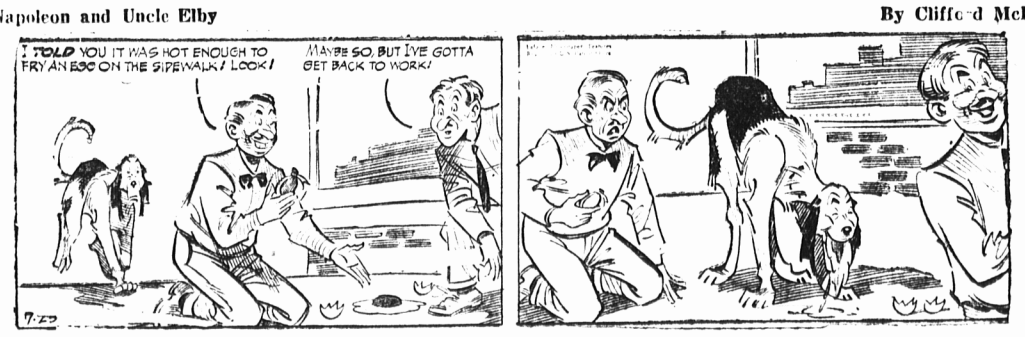
POGO

By Walt Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

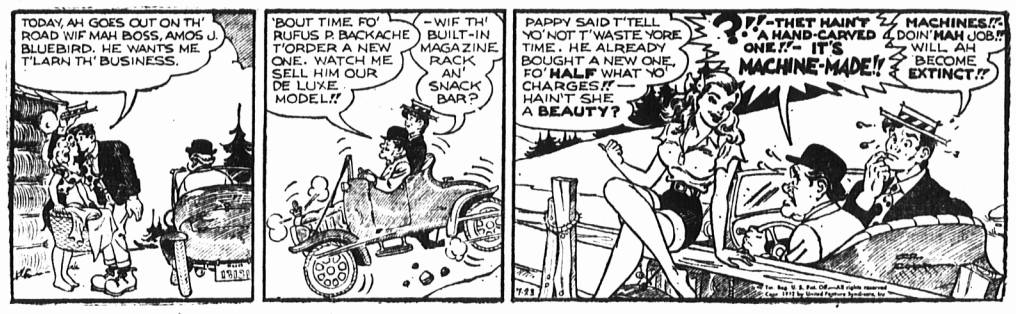
PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Al Capp

LI'L ABNER



DOTTY DRIPPLE

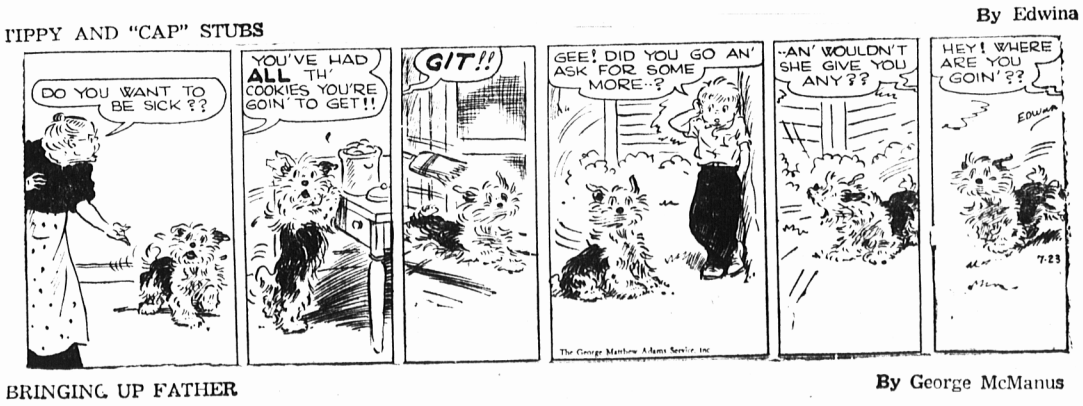
By Ruford

TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson

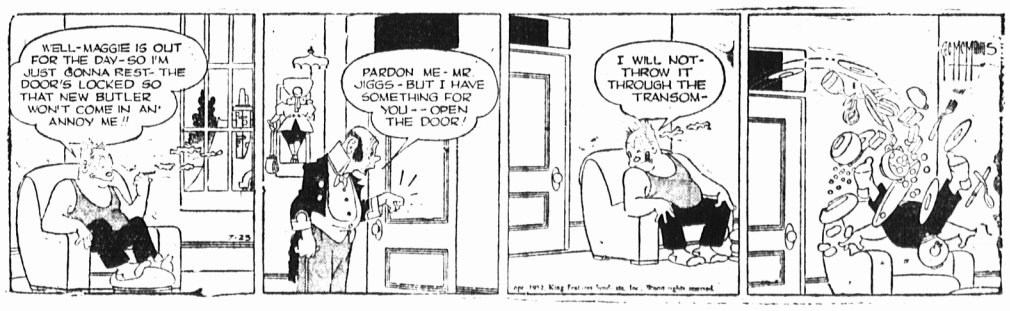
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina



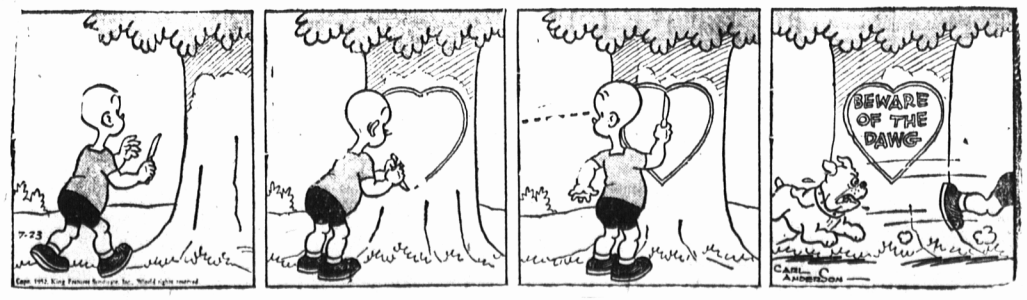
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher